

The most lamentable Tragedie

Goe packe with him, and giue the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumstance of all,
And how by this their childe shall be aduunst,
And be receiued for the Emperours heyre,
And substituted in the place of mine,
To calme this tempest whirling in the Court,
And let the Emperour dandle him for his owne.
Harke ye Lords, ye see I haue giuen her phisick,
And you must needes bestow her funerall,
The fields are neere, and you are gallant Groomes:
This done, see that you take no longer daies
But send the Midwife presently to me.
The Midwife and the Nurse well made away,
Then let the Ladies tattle what they please.

Chiron. Aron I see thou wilt not trust the ayre with secrets.

Dem. For this care of *Tamora*,
Herselfe and hers are highly bound to thee. Exit.

Aron. Now to the Gothes, as swift as swallow flies,
There to dispose this treasure in mine armes,
And secretly to greete the Empresse friends:
Come on you thick-lipt-slaue, Ile beare you hence,
For it is you that puts vs to our shifts:
Ile make you feed on berries, and on rootes,
And feede on curds and whey, and sucke the Goate,
And cabbin in a Caue, and bring you vp
To be a warriour, and commaund a Campe. Exit.

*Enter Titus, old Marcus, young Lucius, and other gentlemen
with bowes, and Titus beares the arrowes with
Letters on the ends of them.*

Titus. Come *Marcus*, come, kinsmen this is the way,
Sir boy let me see your archerie,
Looke yee draw home enough and tis there straight, Terra

of Titus Andronicus

Terras *Astrea* reliquit, be you remem
Shees gone, shees fled, first take you
You *Cosens* shall goe found the O
And cast your nets, happily you m
Yet theres as little iustice as at Lan
No *Publius* and *Sempronius*, you m
Tis you must dig with mattocke, a
And pierce the inmost center of th
Then when you come to *Phuioes* R
I pray you deliuer him this petitio
Tell him it is for iustice and for aid
And that it comes from old *Andron*
Shaken with sorrowes in vngratefu
Ah Rome, well, well, I made thee
What time I threw the peoples suff
On him that thus doth tyrannize o
Goe get you gone, and pray be care
And leaue you not a man of warre
This wicked Emperour may haue
And kinsmen then we may goe pip
Marc. O *Publius* is not this a hea
To see thy noble Vncle thus distra
Publi. Therefore my Lords it high
By day and night attend him care
And feede his humour kindly as v
Till time beget some carefull rewe
Marcus. Kinsmen, his sorrowes
Ioyne with the Gothes, and with re
Take wreake on Rome for this ing
And vengeance on the traytor *Sati*
Titus. *Publius* how now, how no
What haue you met with her?
Publi. No my good Lord, but *Pl*
If you will haue reuenge from hell